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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

NO. 23.

BRIAN BOROIHME:

OR,

THE MAID OF ERIN.

A

HISTORICAL HIBERNIAN MELO-DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "VIRGINIUS," "WILLIAM TELL," ETC.

*With Cast of Characters, Stage Business, Costumes, Relative
Positions, etc. etc.*

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

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PRICE,

12½ CENTS.

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=1856? =

BRIAN BOROIHME.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Curtain rises slowly—Mountainous pass and fortified—The towers of Ben Hadder (Howth) in the distance—a view of ancient Dublin with the Danish Flotilla at anchor in the Bay—a Small Boat from one of the Ships appears and rows off—First Dane reconnoiters the spot, then whistles; enter Danish Soldiers, followed by Tormagnus, R. U. E.—Music.*

Enter UDISLAUS, *with bloody dagger*, L. H. 2 E.

Torm. Now! what from Dathó?

Udis. Curses on the traitor.

Torm. Ah! does he hesitate.

Udis. See'st thou this blade, it drank the coward's blood!

Torm. Death to my hopes!

Udis. Under the shade of night I sought his post in secret; near yon promontory's base, the recreant stood, I urged his promise—bought with Danish gold his oath to serve our cause.

Torm. Time presses, Udislaus, what followed, quick.

Udis. The driveller seemed to feel compunction's sting, and whining sought to win me from my purpose, urging gratitude he owed his monarch; half-blooded slave—my rage overpowered my speech, my dagger was my tongue, and spoke to his heart.

Torm. Still, then, we're safe—his secret we've gained, and proud Erina soon shall rue the hour she scorned the great Tormagnus' love. The morning guard approaches to relieve those stationed on the mountain pass, we must depart—more dreadful to return.

[*They Exit*, L. 1 E.]

Enter M'CARTY MOORE, CORMAC and SOLDIERS, L. U. E.

M'Car. On to your posts, my friends.

[*Exeunt soldiers*, R. 1 E.]

Cor. How wears the morn?

M'Car. The sun is only up—'tis the fifth hour, the moon is still most serene. The Danish fleet rides smoothly in our bay—I wonder the waters which embrace our lovely isle, should give such harbors to her ruthless foes.

Cor. My lord, they only rest from last night's storm.

M'Car. True, Cormac, 'twas indeed a boisterous night. Behold who comes so near our post! The challenge, Cormac.

Cor. Hoa! who passes there?

O'Don. [*Without.*] A friend! a friend to Royal Brian.

Cor. Give the word.

O'Don. Old Ireland—Victory—or Glorious Death.

Enter O'DONOHUE, throws off disguise, R. U. E.

Cor. Lord of the lakes—O'Donohue the noble—welcome.

M'Car. Most welcome, valiant chief, how sped your bold attempt?

O'Don. My brave M'Carty Moore, it has succeeded to my utmost wish; unknown and unsuspected I have traversed the fierce invader's camp—God of our fathers guard our native isle. This very day, the fell Tormagnus will strive to subjugate our happy land; but the cursed aim ensures its own defeat—as she has been, so she shall be, true! Who kept the watch upon the hill last night?

Cor. The brave O'Dwyer.

O'Don. 'Twas a stormy stand, I stood a long time looking at his fire, which seemed to burn the clouds; it moved in many fantastic shapes, and flashed upon the visage of the deep, with a red and angry glare—but come, my friends, 'tis time we seek the king—the treachery of the foe can ne'er awake his fears—the monarch whom his people love is ever armed against an enemy.

[*Exeunt, R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Shillelagh.*

Enter EMMA, R.

Em. Mercy on me! what a terrible thing it is for a girl like me to live in such a hurly burly bustle—oh, I wish my kind lady, the Princess Erina, would once more return to the sweet shades of Killarney—heigho!—'twas there I first saw my dear Roderick—well, though he is but a simple squire to the lord of the Lion—I love him so—but I must not tell him how dearly—oh! I wish he were back again. [*TERRENCE sings without.*] Dear, how provoking; 'tis our armorer, old tipsy Terrence.

Enter TERRENCE, R. H.

Ter. Oh, my dear, sweet, charming Miss Emma, I knew I should have some good luck this morning, I'm never out—one kiss of your cherry lips, my dear delightful—

Em. Oh, heavens! keep off, you horrid old fright, I wonder you an't ashamed to be always guzzling—I declare you are almost tipsy already.

Ter. Yes, and the reason of that is, my sweet Miss—is—because—because—I've been drinking—but no matter, 'tis all for the good of my country.

Em. Ridiculous! the good, indeed—why, how so—

Ter. Why, you must know, I've been offering up my prayers and vows for the good of our troops, and I'm so hearty in the cause, that somehow or other, my throat is apt to get a little dry in the business, so

do you see, I always carry a flagon of comfort at my elbow, to bring my mouth through my devotions.

Em. Devotions, indeed! but tell me, Mr. Terrence, if these terrible monsters the Danes should win the day, what will become of us?

Ter. Faith I don't know, but if your Irish knights don't turn their Daneship's jackets, 'tisn't the fault of old Terrence! Not a dirk from the helmet to the mail coat, and spur, has been left unrivettèd; let me and my Cyclops alone for good workmanship. Here stands I, old Terrence, for sixty years, man and boy, (aye, ever since I was the height of my own anvil) Armorer to his Royal Majesty, King Brian the victorious, (Heaven bless our good auld Monarch to the end of time) and never in all my life was—as I say—my sweet Miss, you don't remember, perhaps—I was a lad then—the day I fitted the King with his first suit of studded steel.

Em. I remember, indeed!—you old doting—stupid. Oh, mercy! what's that? I declare, I'm ready to die for fear!

Ter. O fie, don't be afraid! Bless my poor body and bones, it's very charming, though! Oh, I see, it's some prisoners taken by our out-posts—ah, I'm never out.

Em. [*Looking out.*] As I live, my dear Roderick returned—now do, Terrence—do now get away.

Ter. Well, I'm going.

Em. Well, do go.

Ter. I'm going, going, going,—gone.

[*Exit, B. H.*]

Em. I never knew such a tiresome old——

Rod. [*Without.*] Dispose of those prisoners in the North Tower, and guard them well 'till further orders.

Em. Thank heaven, my dear Roderick is here at last.

Enter RODERICK, L. H.

Rod. Ah, my little sprig of sweet briar, here I am, just from Killarney Castle, with a fresh sample of Irish valor.—One hundred chieftains of the Prince O'Donohue, my valiant master. Every lad of them with the semblance of a lion displayed on their shield, and the heart of a lion enshrined in his breast—a glorious cargo, my girl; of the prime stock, from the best market, insured to their country, and consigned to their King.

Em. And tell me, Roderick, was it for that our army shouted?

Rod. It was, my girl; they gave us what they call a soldier's salute, not very polite, indeed, but what it wanted in ceremony it made up in sincerity. Talking of ceremony, my love, I believe I forgot to salute you, so—there, my little rogue, [*kissing her.*] if I should forget my manners again—put me in mind of them.

Em. Hark! that's the breakfast bugle, I must attend the Princess.

Rod. Hark you, Emma—I know a young gentleman that would be very glad to save you that trouble.

Em. Indeed! who is he, pray?

Rod. What think you of my Lord O'Donohue?

Em. Humph! I thought so—ah, Roderick, if I chose, I could tell you——

Rod. What ?

Em. Nay, I won't !

Rod. Do, now !

Em. I can't !

Rod. Then I can.

Em. What is it, then ?

Rod. That I had forgotten my manners.

[*He kisses her, she breaks from him and runs off, R. H.*]

Rod. I don't know how it is, I came here to the camp to make war, but all that I have done yet is to make love—this heart of mine must be made of very combustible matter, for let the bright eye of beauty shoot a spark at it, and 'tis all in a blaze in a moment.

SONG.

Oh, an Irishman's heart is as stout as a shillelagh,
It beats with delight to chase sorrow and woe,
When the piper filts up, then it dances so gaily,
And thumps with a whack, for to lather the foe ;
But by beauty lit up—faith in less than a jiffy,
So warm is the stuff, it soon blazes and burns,
Then so wild is each heart, of us lads of the Liffy,
It thumps, dances and beats altogether by turns ;
Then away with dull care, let's be merry and frisky ;
Our motto is this, let it widely extend—
Give poor Pat but his freedom, his sweetheart and whiskey,
And he'll die for old Ireland, his king, and his friend.

Should ruffian invaders e'er menace our shore
Tho' the foes of dear Erin may strut and look big ;
Yet nabochlish a chud they shall have it galore,
For Patrick's the boy that can handle a twig ;—
But the battle once over, no rage fills his breast—
Mild mercy still softens the heart of the brave,
For of valor, of love and of friendship possess,
The soldier of Erin but conquers to save.

Then away with dull care, &c.

Enter O'DONOHUE, M'CARTY MOORE and CORMAC, L. 1 E.

O'Don. Good Roderick, can we have an audience thus early of the King ? [Trumpet, R. H.]

Cor. That is the royal trumpet, is it not ?

M'Car. Our King, our venerated Father comes.

Flourish—*Enter SOLDIERS, then BRIAN, R. 2 E.—All but Soldiers kneel.*

M'Car. Long live the King, our Parent, our Protector.

Brian. Stand up, my friends—profane not thus your knees—[*they all rise*] now, now, I recognise my faithful subjects—welcome, welcome my children ; take a parent's blessing—oh, thou eternal power, whose dread omniscience reads every secret wish that warms my soul, protect

my people, guard this envied land from the invader's iron yoke, crown our resistance with decisive conquest, or grant us glory in a patriot's grave. Now! my young warrior! How fares it, Prince.

O'Don. May every morn, for countless years to come, smile on my Sovereign like this cheering hour.

Brian. We miss'd thee at our revels yester 'eve.

O'Don. My liege—under the friendly shadows of the night, disguised, I learned the number of the foe, their manner of combat, and each leader's force. This day Tormagnus means to stake his all, and offer battle to victorious Brian. This scroll, my liege, contains a hasty sketch of our insatiable enemy's designs.

Brian. Adventurous, gallant youth, thy matchless sire, the undaunted lion of our sea-girt land, revives in thee—receive thy merited reward—*[draws his sword, and knights him]*—arise, our valiant Knight of the battle! Your installation, Prince, shall follow straight, and with the red branch heroes, thou shalt gain the glorious meed which noble souls pursue—the laurel and the shamrock shall entwine to grace the patriot soldier's lofty brow.

Cor. My liege—the Princess.

Enter ERINA with several ladies, R. 1 E.

Bri. Oh! my dearest daughter! child of my hopes, come to my arms—alas this field of dangerous strife—these throngs of hardy soldiery—this clang of trumpets but little suit thy tender soul, Erina; dost thou not fear, my child, the coming conflict?

Eri. Fear, my dread liege, the daughter of great Brian know the touch of fear! O! no, my father, could my prayers prevail, and woman's modesty forbade it not, I'd doff my sex's softness, spurn my distaff, and in the hour of battle grasp a sword, to save your sacred life or lose my own.

Bri. There spoke the soul of Brian. By all the glories of my ancient race, I prize thee, my Erina, yes I prize thee beyond victory, or bright renown! Chieftains, forgive an old fond father's prattle—I had forgot, Erina, thank this youth, the son of my dearest compeer, whose memory shall live till time's no more; though young in arms, he has already done me a veteran's service—thank him for thy father.

O'Don. My gracious liege, your goodness overrates the trifling peril of my last night's duty.

Bri. The trifling peril, says't thou, my young hero—now, by our hopes, the deed was greatly bold; would'st think it, Erina, our short truce (confirmed by sacred and mutual oaths) this day the base invaders of our shores would foully violate; but by thy valor he comes (we trust) to meet disgrace and ruin.

Eri. I know not how to thank you, noble Prince, or to appreciate justly, your noble desert—to native loyalty this scarf I consecrate—be still, my dearest father's chosen champion, and where he hurls his vengeance on the foe, there let that scarf be seen.

O'Don. Beauteous Erina, how shall I speak—so greatly overpaid, 'tis poor to say—yet I can no more; this precious gift I prize beyond my life.

Bri. 'Tis well. Proceed we now to supplicate the god of battles, to protect our arms, then let the foe come on. Our sacred course will mock his rage, and turn his pride to shame.

[*Exeunt BRIAN, followed by O'DONOHUE, ERINA, LORDS, LADIES, R. 1 E.*]

SCENE III.—*An Abbey Ruins adjacent to the tomb of St. Patrick—Dark.—The entrance from under the ruins—violent storm—storm dies away—Moon appears clear—Stars appear.—VOLTIMAR, UDISLAUS, Danish soldiers and officers discovered on watch.*

GLEE.

Hush! Hush! Hush!

Let not a sound betray
The hardy warriors of the north,
Hush! Hush! Hush!

This spot points out the way
Our guide, come forth.

ALBERT enters from Tomb, c., with two others, who bear torches.

Udis. Well, Albert, are we safe?

Alb. I have explored the passage—all is well, where is our chief?

Udis. He comes.

Music—TORMAGNUS and Soldiers enter, L. 3 E.

Tor. What says our guide?

Alb. We may proceed, my lord. Datho, though in the end he was a traitor, and justly died your victim, had in this revealed the truth, a long and vaulted isle winds, as he said—the torch's light, my lord, must guide your steps.

Tor. Now soldiers, hear, a subterraneous passage leads from this ruin to the shrine where fair Erina, at this hour, each morn, unguarded, unattended, offers up devotion to her saint. Thrice has your chief demanded her of Brian for his bride, and thrice has he indignantly refused; would you believe me, when last I urged my suit, (the lasting ground of amity and peace) the haughty Brian swore, that ere his blood should mingle with a Dane's, with his own hand (in case of defeat,) he'd slay his child. To-day we meditated a fatal blow—let me but gain the maid, it shall fall, and Erin and Erina shall be mine. [*Going, c.*]

Vol. Royal Tormagnus!

Tor. How now, Voltimar?

Vol. Have I your leave to speak?

Tor. What would'st thou speak?

Vol. A soldier's thought.

Tor. Nay, by that sullen look, I see thou art displeased, at what?

Vol. At this thou art about to do.

Tor. How, Voltimar?

Vol. I thought there would be danger in the service, and so I came. It would have pleased me well to walk unlook'd for into Brian's hall, and from among his silken courtiers bear the prize you name; it would have been some sport to scratch a minion in the shining face, with my

rude sword—but such a feat as this ! to scare a helpless woman at her prayers ! I pray you, for the honor of our name, let us put off these vests, and lay by our hack'd arms—such an exploit may suit indeed a silken reveller, but not a man in steel.

Tor. Dare you dispute when I command !

Vol. I am a soldier, sir, and as a soldier use me.

Tor. How again ? be not too rash.

Vol. 'Tis my failing, sir, I cannot help it—many a rude knock, and hardy scratch it gets me ; for you know I do not love to lag behind the fight. Nay, it has made a kind of traitor of me, for when the fight begins, I'm oftener found in the ranks of the enemy than my own

Tor. I will not talk with thee ; it is waste of time, which may be better used.

Vol. So you have said when parley has been sought before the fight—I heard and ask'd no other word, but bade the war-note speak, and with the sound flew against the foe.

Tor. No more, I will not brook this freedom, stay or go ; suit your own humor. Go, Udislaus, upon the hill's summit ; take your stand, and give me note if you observe the foe to move. Albert, let one-half remain, and watch the entrance to guard against surprise ; the rest attend me—come, soldiers, follow your chief.

[*Music—Exit TORMAGNUS and Soldiers into Vault, c.*]

Alb. Well, Voltimar, will you remain with us ?

Vol. No, I'll e'en follow, this is a new kind of duty, which it may be well to learn, so in due time we may make war with women.

[*Music—VOLTIMAR enters Tomb—the rest arrange at its entrance—Scene changes.*]

SCENE IV.—*Hall of Shillelagh—Music—Enter BRIAN, ERINA, M'CARTY MOORE, CORMAC and Ladies, R. 2 E.*

Brian. Such, Cormac, is the order of battle ; the centrē to brave O'Donohue, M'Carty Moore the right, yourself the left. Hence ! to our several chiefs the order shew, bid them prepare their troops ; the hour is come when Erin's foes must fall.

[*Exit CORMAC and M'CARTY MOORE, L. 1 E.*]
How's this, my child, these looks a drooping sadness wears, do you mistrust the issue of the contest.

Eri. No, father, no, such a king and such a people, with justice on their side, are but a body of giant magnitude—immortal and invincible.

Bri. Heroic girl, and yet I see your spirits droop ; tell me, Erina, I mark'd you when a noble youth received a favor from your hand to-day, well ; do not blush because your heart applauds desert, your father can award it too ; let us but drive these frowns of war away, and peace and love shall dwell in all their smiles.

[*Exit BRIAN, R. H.*]

Eri. Ah ! said he love—yes, he has given a name to all those fears which swell my breast ; how subtle, and how resistless is the force of love, which can subdue you ere you feel its power,—he comes !

Enter O'DONOHUE, L. H.

O'Don. In beauty's presence war forgets to bend his brow, her smiles

make his rough aspect smooth ; her voice to silence charms his clanging horn, and his harsh and strong breast to peace.

Eri. This is a courtier's, not a warrior's phrase ; man is ever himself.

O'Don. So ever is the lion, yet they say that love can tame the lion's rage, and beauty is the queen of love.

Eri. Then owns she but a doubtful sway, for oft her subject takes the rule himself, and makes his queen his slave.

Enter M'CARTY MOORE, L. H.

M'Car. O'Donohue, the King expects you for your installation ; delay not, prince, great honor waits your sword, the foremost post of danger, and I trust the downfall of the foe.

O'Don. Lady, farewell ! M'Carty Moore, 'till now I ne'er was slow when glory called, yet should I blush, my friend, for strong must be the soul whose force can break that chain, like adamant, that binds him here.

[Exit O'DONOHUE and M'CARTY MOORE, L. H.]

Eri. The post of danger is my lover's post—my lover ; nay, why should my heart delude itself—'tis his, it owns him for his lord. O ! that I could transform myself, then would I take some warrior's shape, and to the battle go, where truer than his buckler, I would guard my lover's breast, would die to take him from the chance of death.

Enter EMMA, L. H.

Em. My lady—my lady.

Eri. What means this breathless haste ?

Em. The procession is formed, and everything prepared for the installation of the prince ; will you not attend ?

Eri. No, Emma, I'll alone to holy Bertha's shrine, to supplicate a blessing for my country, my father and my king—and oh, if love sends up one sigh, it will not take from them, 'tis for the champion that Erina prays.

[Exit, R. H.]

Em. Well, for my part, I'll to the chapel of the Knights of Connor ; we shall have prayers enough when the troops march out to battle, such fine knights and lords are not to be seen every day, and so my lady thinks, I'll be sworn ; for, after all, whatever they may say or do, I believe from princesses to beggars, one woman's thought is the sister of another.

RODERICK, who has listened, comes forward, L. H.

Rod. Oho, is that your way of thinking, mistress Emma, what say you then to the lady who thinks two husbands better than one !

Em. I know not for that—but I'm sure if she should think two lovers better than one, I should think like her.

Rod. Why so ?

Em. Because two lovers together, make each other civil, but one by himself is always sure to be saucy.

Rod. Well said, hussy—I'll give you a kiss for that.

Em. Nay, sir, I know the saying to be true without your giving me a proof on't.

Rod. Why, your wit is tart.

Em. Because my humor's not sweet, here do you detain me when I'm on the wing to see the finest collection of lovers that ever came to court.

Rod. Why, then, I'll attend you, and to show you how purely disinterested my love is, I'll e'en serve you as a pattern to choose by.

Em. Well, come along, for a bad pattern may help to choose a good one, so I'll e'en take you along with me.

Rod. I'm very much obliged to you, and the more so as they who can't get a good pattern will be glad to snap at a bad one at last.

[*Exeunt, L. H.*

SCENE V.—*The chapel of the Knights of Connor—Grand Procession of Knights—Soldiers—Soldiery—Harpers—Priests—bearers of the standard of the Red Cross and Lion—bearers of the Crown—Standards, shields, &c. &c.—with them enter BRIAN BOROIHME, O'DONOHUE, M'CARTY MOORE, TERRENCE, RODERICK, High Priest, &c. &c.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Sound, sound, Hibernia, sound the votive lay,
With rapid fingers sweep the trembling string,
Let fame's loud trumpet to the world convey
Our loyalty and love to Erin's King.

[*The High Priest leads O'DONOHUE to the KING, who Knights him. RODERICK arrays himself in his arms.*

HIGH PRIESTS' ODE.

Shades of my fathers, now my soul inspire,
Whilst with enraptured lay I fondly trace
The warlike glories of victorious Brian.

SONG.

Strike the Harp, raise the voice, sing the song of great Brian,
And oft the rapt Bard his glad theme shall renew,
In peace mild and bounteous, in battle a lion,
In the hearts of his subjects reigns Brian Boroihme.

How oft to the combat of Ireland so glorious,
Undaunted to shield her, the hero quick flew;
How oft crown'd with conquest returning victorious,
We hailed Erin's champion, great Brian Boroihme.

On Tara's fam'd plains, when by myriads surrounded,
Bright gleam'd his broad falchion, his jav'lin straight flew,
Till the foes of our isle, with pale terror confounded,
Bow'd their necks to their victor, great Brian Boroihme.

Then, chieftains of Erin, remember great Brian,
Still valiant and brave, his example pursue;
May you equal in valor the lord of the lion,
And rival in glory great Brian Boroihme.

[*At the end of Song—CORMAC heard without, L. U. E.*]

Help! help! summon the guard—where is the King?

Enter CORMAC, L. U. E.

Cor. My liege, the Princess!

Bri. Speak, what of her?

Cor. Passing near holy Bertha's shrine, I heard her shriek, and flew to her relief—when lo! the altar was deserted, and a vault new opened showed a subterraneous passage—through which I saw the light of torches and heard the sound of many voices, and hurried steps receding.

Bri. Oh, my child!

O'Don. My liege, a boon!

Bri. Thou hast it, noble chief.

O'Don. Be all the peril of this action mine—I'll rescue fair Erina.

Bri. Oh, soul of valor, fly then—save my child! Erina's hand shall thank thee for the deed.

O'Don. Ye lion-hearted warriors, follow me—lead, Cormac, lead! Love, lend me all thy fire—the word's Erina, victory or death!

[*Music—O'DONOHUE, CORMAC and soldiers rush off, L. U. E.*]

SCENE VI.—*A place near the tomb and ruins—Enter ALBERT, Danish Officers, R. H., and UDISLAUS, L. H.*

Alb. What, Udislaus, ho! comrade—look! the foe begins to move and gather to his lines—I saw a warrior on a milk-white steed start from the tower just now, and for the camp spur on with rapid speed!

Udis. What's to be done?

Alb. Ascend yon summit which o'erlooks our camp. Sound strong your horn for succor—I, meanwhile, will watch the foe.

[*Exit UDISLAUS, R. H.*]

Enter VOLTIMAR, L.

Alb. Now, Valtimar, what speed?

Vol. Success, if such it be—they reach'd the shrine unheeded by the maid, who, (though she bow'd before her saint,) so shone with beauty's grace, that she appeared the proper deity.—Nay, with the force of awe and admiration Tormagnus stood transfixed until she turn'd and strove to fly; when, with a bound he caught the lovely prize, and bore her swift away. I'll own to thee, my friend, that when I heard her shrieks, my hand unvoluntarily touch'd my sword, and there had been treason 'twixt the two, had I not made a swift retreat.

Alb. I apprehend some danger—there's a show of bustle in the Irish camp.

Vol. Then let me fly—in such a cause as this, I own I should blush to meet an enemy.

[*Trumpet, R. H.*]

Alb. 'Tis Udislaus that sounds for succor—prithee, Valtimar, direct our men to keep the cover of the hill.

Vol. Well, if you're pressed, I'll help you—though pray heaven I get no wounds—there are some dozen of scars upon my body, not one but has a history I am proud to tell of—a scar in such a cause would damn the character of all the rest. [*Exit ALBERT, R. H.*] Go, Albert, thou'rt

a flatterer—I've seen thee bow lower than a slave. The cause we are engaged in has not my heart. Passing, the other day, beyond our lines, I found a dying foe our scouts had stricken—'twas a common hind, and he had till'd the ground whereon he lay. His hut was raz'd, some rafters only stood bare from the ragged walls, and here and there the fragments of his little stock were strewn in wanton ruin. As his blood thus trickled from his wounds, his eye was fixed, and on his pallid lips there was a smile that spoke something more, more keen than pain. I would have staunch'd the wound, but faintly he forbade me, told a tale of horror and expired. His wife the savages had forced before his eyes, his children, shrieking at their own funeral, buried alive in the ruin. These are not the acts of men; I love the war but this is a bandit's trade, ignoble plunder, murder cowardly, and fail or prosper, shame is all 'twill reap.

[Exit, L. H.]

SCENE VII.—*The Monument and Ruin—Enter TORMAGNUS, dragging ERINA, ALBERT, UDISLAUS, and Soldiers, c., from Ruin—Soldiers pile up the stones and close the aperture.*

Eri. In mercy hold! great Brian's daughter kneels for mercy!

Tor. Lovely maid, those prayers were vain that plead for mercy that were death to me—embarrass not my flight.—Thou'rt decreed by fate itself to be Tormagnus' bride; nay, thine own saints confess the destiny, when in their very shrine you called and prayed for rescue, silent and unmoved they heard and saw a Pagan to his burning breast a royal virgin strain.

Eri. Patron Saint, do you desert me now! Where is thy sword, my father, when Erina cries for aid—where is the brave O'Donohue, when he swore with knightly faith to serve her who now is grasp'd within a robber's arms!

Tor. Lady, no more—come, lady, come.

Eri. Soldiers, to you I cry—will you serve a coward chief like this, who wrongs a woman, whom the heavens made weak because they thought not savage force itself could harm her!

Tor. Lady, do you scorn me thus?—away, then, with all forbearance. [Seizes her.]

Music—O'DONOHUE and M'CARTY burst open the aperture—TORMAGNUS starts back—draws his sword—the Irish and Danes engage—the latter are driven off—M'CARTY MOORE remains with the PRINCESS.

M'Car. Look, lady, look! how mighty his falchion flies!

Eri. I dare not—ha! Shield him, saints!

M'Car. The Pagan fights with a tiger's rage—our champion's casque is split; but still again he presses on the foe!—Tormagnus is disarmed—they fly!

Eri. Oh, brave O'Donohue!—[*Music—she totters, and sinks in the arms of M'CARTY MOORE—O'DONOHUE enters with his Soldiers.*]

O'Don. Revive, my royal mistress!

Eri. And do I see my deliverer safe? I know not how to speak my gratitude!

O'Don. Oh, if I dared to speak, to give a voice to the aspiring sigh
Erina's smile to me is boundless empire—happiness supreme—my
strength in battle—wreath in victory—my recompense in death!

Eri. Then take that smile, and by your wish imagine all 'twould say,
and teach it so to speak.

M'Car. Only by flight, by instant flight, the Princess can be saved!
The Pagan power has nearly hemmed us round; away, my lord—the
tomb!

O'Don. To safety guide your royal mistress.

Eri. Come not you, my lord?

O'Don. Impeded by the windings of the vault, your flight cannot be
swift; who, then, shall check the progress of the foe? Here will I
stand, or die! Away, away! Two followers remain with me, and
when you've reached the shrine, let Roderick sound his horn. The
foe pours down! Erina, love, away!

Eri. O'Donohue, live—live for me!

[*Exeunt M'CARTY MOORE and ERINA, through the aperture.*]

O'Don. Will it, ye saints! Now, tigers, now come on—ye savage
beasts who threat my native land!

*Music—Shouts and flourishes—O'DONOHUE and followers place
themselves on guard before the aperture—the Danes enter—Gen-
eral Battle—O'DONOHUE's two followers are slain—O'DONOHUE
maintains a fight against two—but is overpowered by TORMAGNUS
and Officer.—TABLEAU!*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of Shillelagh—BRIAN discovered seated—sur-
rounded by his Soldiers, Attendants, &c.*

Bri. Days of my strength, whither have ye fled; those sounds no
longer soothe the warrior's breast, worn down with care—leave me, my
children,—[*Shouts without—"the Princess!" "the Princess!"*] Ah!
do my aged eyes deceive me—no—no—'tis my child—my age's darling,
[*Enter ERINA, attended by M'CARTY MOORE, L. H.*] Welcome to my
breast once more—my child, my child is safe. But where is your brave
deliverer?

M'Car. Dread liege, the painful task remains for me, that pride of
Erin's sons, our noble champion, is now the prisoner of the foe!

Bri. A prisoner!

Eri. Oh, my heart! [*Leans on her attendant.*]

Bri. Retire, my dear Erina.

Eri. Sire, I obey—'tis not repose, alas, can bring the bloom to lost
Erina's cheek—can cheer the heart that droops with hopeless love.

[*Exit ERINA, attended, R. H.*]

Bri. M'Carty Moore, how fell the youth into the Tyrant's power?

M'Car. Alas! dread sire, by most unequal force.—So swift our
speed, just at the cavern's mouth we overtook Tormagnus, our assault
was sudden—quick the foe's discomfiture. But while we paused,
heedless of danger, thoughtless of retreat—the foe appeared, by more

than fifty times outnumbering us—only the subterranean pass was left for flight; through that we bore the princess off, while at its mouth, to ward all chance of danger off, O'Donohue remained, the terror but the victim of the foe.

Bri. Lamented youth, thy King bewails thee, and thy country feels thy loss; for much she needs a friend like thee, beset with peril from rapacious foes, who smile to draw their swords and waste her blood. But say if still the gallant youth survives.

M'Car. A herald o'ertook us near the gate, charged with a message from the Pagan chief—by him we learn the Prince was captive made—my liege, the herald waits.

Bri. Let him approach. [*Exit M'CARTY and attendants, L. H.* Ah, my dear country, bear me witness, I wrong thee not, if now I shed a tear; beyond or friend or child, I value thee, and light would hold their ruin as my own, if from our fall thy liberties might spring—*[Enter UDISLAUS, preceded by M'CARTY, L. 1 E.]* Now, what from Tormagnus?

Udis. Amity and peace—the price, Erin and your kingdom's half. This offer spurned—war, fierce and merciless, and instant death to the brave O'Donohue, your country's proudest boast. My errand done, I crave your pardon—I speak the words of Scandanavia's chief.

Bri. Pagan, observe! When first this envied island sought your aid, it priz'd your prowess and your skill in arms; from the rough seas we welcomed you to feast, we spread our boards with richest banquets; for your repose prepared the softest couches, and while they slept our honor was their guard, that still they woke in safety; our daughters we gave to them in marriage, nor restrained their worship, holding it wrong in the sight of heaven to stipulate the law of conscience, and order how its votaries should kneel: such was our faith. Now, Pagan, mark the contrast! These stranger friends, by ambition urged, sought to make us slaves; we crushed them, and were free; how come their sons to undo their fathers' deeds! Hence to your chief; tell him he may as well pierce this, and this the body of our land, as penetrate the hearts of its bold sons, consolidated in one common cause: tell him we know the faith of Danish leagues, and will not yield on other terms than these: quit thou our shores, and we will sheath our swords; remain, and they shall make your graves of blood!

M'Car. The brave O'Donohue, my liege.

Bri. True, true, I owe him much; but, by all my hopes, I owe my country more; guide the courier past our lines, M'Carty Moore. [*Exit UDISLAUS and M'CARTY, L. 1 E.*] Collect our forces straight; at nightfall we will surprise the Danish camp, perhaps preserve my friend. By the shades of my great forefathers, I swear, when once my sword is drawn in fight, it shall not quit my arm 'till life desert me, or the foe be prostrate on the shores he dares invade! [*Exit BRIAN and Officers, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall—Enter RODERICK preceding EMMA, L. H.*

Rod. Oh thou traitress! why did you not tell of it before? The princess gone in disguise to the Danish camp! Here's a pretty business; why, do you expect to live another hour—do you expect to escape

beheading? I'll go and inform the King myself—he'll pass your sentence—and I'll be your executioner.

Em. No, that you would not, I'm sure, Roderick, for you know I'd a right to obey her, because——

Rod. Because what?

Em. I should have done exactly as she has done.

Rod. Don't tell me—you would not!

Em. Indeed, but I should, sir. If princesses will do so much for their lovers, I do not see any reason why I, that attend on one, should not do the like for mine.

Rod. I don't believe any such thing—it won't do, Miss Emma—

Enter TERRENCE, R. H.

Ter. Why, what's the matter with you?

Rod. Matter, sir—matter enough!

Ter. Yes, you are quarrelling—ah, Miss Emma, 'tis all your own fault; take my word for it, after all, there's no lover like an old lover; those young rascals think so much of themselves.

Em. Why, that's very true, Terrence; but if I must be plagued, give me one young one before an hundred of your old ones.

Rod. Never heed her, Terrence—she's a worthless woman—she's a traitress!

Ter. Out with your sword, sir—you say falsely! Out with your sword, sir—a traitress! Out with your sword, sir!

Em. Nay, I pray you, put up your sword, good Terrence!

Ter. I say you young men are nothing but swaggerers—they're not worth the smile of a pretty woman—come on, sir; I am the champion of beauty—so I give you my mortal defiance!

Rod. Put up your sword, my old boy; go and get alongside your Cruiskeen, and get into good humor again.

Ter. What's that you say of my Cruiskeen? It never keeps company with a knave or a swaggerer; it is sacred to the worship of beauty, and I'll not suffer you or any other man to say a word against my Cruiskeen.

Em. Never mind him, Terrence; he's only a swaggerer: come, to oblige me, now, if you have any regard for me, put up your sword.

Ter. If I have any regard for you! There, Miss Emma; but that saucy boy!

Rod. Come, come, old Terrence, you know nothing of the matter; the Princess is so mad with love——

Ter. Say not a word against love, sir!

Rod. I tell you our lady has gone in disguise to the Danish camp.

Ter. Ay?

Rod. This lady was privy to it, and never discovered it 'till now; so, come along, Madam—tell the whole affair, and take me along with you to beg for pardon!

[*Exit* EMMA and RODERICK, R.]

Ter. Bless my body and bones, the Princess gone in disguise to the Danish camp! Arragh, why didn't she take me along with her? [*Exit* R.]

SCENE III.—*Danish Encampment—Interior of TORMAGNUS' Tent—
Enter TORMAGNUS and ELGITHA, R. H.*

Tor. Woman, no more—the Christian prisoner dies !

Elg. Forbear, Tormagnus—by our love I charge you, harm not your prisoner as, you prize Elgitha ! This Prince, at Tara's field, preserved my life—will not Tormagnus own the noble deed ?

Tor. Will you deny, that since that cursed day your looks have worn an altered favor towards me ?—absent thoughts, looks wishful, sighs at times half check'd bursting their way. [*Trumpet heard*] No more.

Elg. What sounds are those ?

Tor. He comes to hear his sentence—[*Enter VOLTIMAR and O'DONOHUE, guarded and in chains, L. H.*] Christian, you are in my power ; yet would I use my fortune mildly : mark my offer, then. Renounce your faith—your monarch and his cause, and you are free. We take you to our arms, and equal rank and honor, and the half of all our victories we'll assign to you ! What is your answer, Prince ?

O'Don. Oh ! that these galling fetters were but loos'd—but arm'd this hand—then, back'd by all thy host, I'd answer thee, fell tyrant, as I ought. What ! sell my native land, fell robber !—No, though scorpion furies waited on thy word—though all hell's malice at my fame were hurl'd—for all the boundless empires of the world—I'd not desert my country, king and God !

Tor. 'Tis well ! we'll bend your stubborn courage yet ! Remember, Prince, 'tis for a falling cause you spurn my clemency ; your country soon must own the all-subduing hardihood of northern soldiers.

O'Don. Soldiers ! you disgrace the name of soldiers—you were better called the hounds of murder ! Blood cannot flow enough to glut you ; massacre, besmeared as it is, rank and corrupt, is yet too clean to please you ! Your ears to horror strung—not yet content with groans from mangled bodies in a heap—with women's shrieks delight themselves : 'till gory war, struck with the image you show him of himself, with horror stands aghast !

Tor. Bear the slave hence ! One hour we give for choice ; then life or death awaits his word. Life crowned with honor, riches, glory, fame ; or, a dreadful, public, ignominious death !

O'Don. Say ignominious life and glorious death ! The way the culprit dies, can only shame the culprit ; but when 'tis the option of the honorable mind, your shameful rack and public execution become the body more than all the honors apostacy could purchase from corruption.

Tor. We'll shortly try the temper of thy valor.

O'Don. Then let the trial come ; 'tis only pain to linger. Come, lead me to my cell ; and know, proud man, though at thy mercy, I defy thy power, and die with pleasure in my country's cause.

[*Exit O'DONOHUE, guarded, L.*

Tor. What say'st thou now, Elgitha, should I spare this stubborn chief, who dares to scorn my power ?

Elg. My lord, his rashness justly seals his doom. Yet, if Elgitha can, she will prevent it ! Yes, fallen as he is, and prostrate by thy power, he drives the tyrant from Elgitha's heart. [*Aside and exit, R.*

Tor. The sounds of music ; and the soldiers crowd around with anxious looks. Who have you there ?

Enter UDISLAUS conducting ERINA disguised as a blind harper boy, L. H.

Udis. A wandering harper boy, deserted by his guide ; he wandered near our camp, but though so young, is still master of his art. Play to our chief. [*ERINA sits and sings a verse.*]

Tor. I like his music well ; conduct him to Elgitha's tent. Remember. Voltimar, our prisoner dies at nightfall. [*Exit TORMAGNUS, R.*]

Eri. [*Aside.*] That prisoner is O'Donohue ; heart, betray me not ; it fails me. I am lost ! [*Faints in the arms of VOLTIMAR.*]

Vol. What means the boy—ah, that face—'tis she—

Udis. [*Sharply.*] How ?

Vol. A little, puny boy, who feared our chief's command—referred to him—come, come, rouse thee, little dastard, rouse thee—what dost thou fear ?—there, go, go to the lady Elgitha ; see you play your best, or else your pains might else lack thanks.

[*UDISLAUS and ALBERT conduct ERINA off, R. H.*]

Vol. Yes, 'tis the Princess ! What can have brought her here ? Love—yes, love for our gallant prisoner. 'Twas love inspired him to deeds of valor in this day's affair ; thank heaven, my sword was not against him in the fight ! Yes, 'tis love that has urged her in this disguise to seek and save her chief. 'Tis nobly done ; 'tis honor's cause ; and come what will, I'll save the lovers, or perish in the attempt.

[*Exit VOLTIMAR, L. H.*]

Enter ELGITHA, followed by a Page conducting ERINA, R. H.

Elg. Sure love alone can make such sounds. Come hither, harper ; know you the Prince, your strains did say so ?

Eri. I am his vassal, lady ; and never vassal knew a kinder lord. Alas ! that I should live to hear you tell that he's in bondage !

Elg. If I should use this harper he might prove a trusty friend to save his country and his lord ; I'll try him. Behold in me his friend ; I'll save him.

Eri. Will you, lady ? Heaven will bless you for it ! What does she mean ?

Elg. Hide this letter in thy bosom—my page shall conduct you to his dungeon ! If that indeed he owns a grateful heart, his liberty is now at his command. [*To Page.*] Conduct the harper boy ; I have taught him how to win the Irish Chief to the great Tormagnus' side. Give him this signet ; thus shall Elgitha win the Prince's praise—her country's thanks. [*Exit ERINA, led by Page, L. H.*] Soon as the dusk shall fall, unmasked I may approach the guard ; accustomed to obey my will, they'll let him forth with me, and then we'll fly to liberty and boundless joys of love !

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Prison, O'DONOHUE discovered, chained*

O'Don. When will my hour arrive ? I long to end my course : the very moments seem to creep. How dull and tedious is captivity ! [*Trumpet.*] When last I heard that sound, my sword struck terror to

the heart of many a Dane : Erina, then I fought for thee, and now I perish for thee.

Enter ERINA and PAGE, D. F.

Page. This is his dungeon.

Eri. You may leave me ; your lady gave command we should confer alone. [*Exit PAGE*]. My lord, my lord ; O'Donohue !

O'Don. R. Who speaks my name ?—what are you ?

Eri. L. One that brings a captive hope of freedom.

O'Don. Who has sent you ?

Eri. Elgitha.

O'Don. Ha ! Elgitha, do you say ? I saved her life in Tara's bloody field : this tells me she remembers well the debt.

Eri. A letter, Prince.

O'Don. What, from Elgitha, too. [*Reads*]. Ha ! liberty ! Elgitha, generous and noble fair ! yes, you shall share my flight, and ever find a home with him you save ! Let me read further.

Eri. Then farewell, life and love.

O'Don. My faith the prize—my love to my Erina. Oh, fatal line, my chains were taken off, and now you rivet them again.

Eri. How, Prince, what mean you—is the fair Elgitha's love a theme for sadness ?—is the gallantry of Irish Knights so cold, that they regret the smiles of beauty ?

O'Don. Hence, thou mocking Page ! hence to thy lady's couch, no more molest my dungeon !—Oh, Erina ! [*Retires up.*]

Eri. O, moment of my life, most sad, most blest, they wrong you, joy, that paint you with a smile ; for you were ne'er so sweet to me as now.

O'Don. Why dost weep, boy ?

Eri. I have a friend like thee in bondage.

O'Don. Sure, thou canst not grieve for him, and yet not pity me. Oh, could I find that enemy who for the sake of pity would render me the service of a friend !

Eri. What then ?

O'Don. I'd teach him to sweeten death for one whose life is the last good that death can rob him of.

Eri. Unfold your wish : I swear, tho' to perform it may exceed my power, I'll ne'er betray it.

O'Don. Well, then, I'll trust thee : I die to-night ; watch thou, and from the gash next my heart this token stain—it is my mistress' scarf—'twill be thy passport to the camp of Royal Brian ; bear it to his court, and when you enter his throng'd hall, no name pronounce, enquire for no degree, but when among the crowd of beauties you perceive one peerless one, then drop it without a word, save what a sigh or tongueless tear might speak.

Eri. Oh never be that office mine ; thou see'st that I am blind ! my rebel soul springs from my breast and flutters on my lips impatient to declare me.

[*Noise of chains without, D. F.*]

Elgi. [*Without*]. Wait you without.

Eri. Elgitha here !—my lord, I've but a moment ; seem but to consent—yield to Elgitha for Erina's sake.

O'Don. Erina's sake!—how for Erina's?

Eri. Peace, she's here. [*ELGITHA enters, D. F.*] Behold the fair to whom your thanks are due. Your humble vassal here is but an instrument—'tis fair Elgitha that breaks your bonds and sets you free from death. Thank her, my lord, and use the means she gives.

Elgi. R. [*Restrains him*]. Forbear, great, Prince, to thank Elgitha: she is nobly paid in saving him she loves. The dusk now falls; now is our time for flight: let us use it, then, and liberty and joy will soon be ours. Thus do I loose your chains to rivet you in softer bonds.

[*Takes off his chains, and retires a little. O'DONOHUE hesitates.*]

Eri. L. [*Aside*]. Consent, consent—'tis for Erina.

O'Don. C. Erina! what can he mean?

Eri. Heaven, I thank you!

Elgi. Now follow. [*ELGITHA goes to door, O'DONOHUE leads ERINA. ELGITHA seeing this, motions him to stop.*]

O'Don. What does Elgitha mean?

Elgi. That boy must stay.

O'Don. Must stay?

Elgi. So many cannot pass securely.

O'Don. And must he stay to sate the tyrant's rage?

Eri. [*Aside*]. To save my lord, with pleasure will I doom myself.

O'Don. Lady, in battle I have placed my heart before the meanest vassal in our ranks, whom I have seen in an unequal fight: upon such terms I cannot take my life.

Elgi. Is then Elgitha slighted for a page! Remember, Prince, it is not life alone that you neglect: Elgitha's love is scorned—beware her enmity!

Eri. Then all is lost—inspire me, Heaven! [*Strikes Harp.*]

SONG.

If the lord of the forest do pine in the toil,
Then fortune unfriendly to virtue will prove,
So slight not the safety that now seems to smile,
And restor'd you shall be both to freedom and love.

Elgi. What means the boy?

O'Don. 'Tis she! 'tis she! I know the voice—that strain—disguised she comes to give me liberty!

Eri. I urge my lord to profit by your mercy. His native music would, I thought, revive his sluggish senses which imprisonment has dull'd and render'd dead to love.

O'Don. Oh, true! it wakes a thousand tender thoughts of love and gratitude. Sing on, good youth; the last expresses more my present state. [*ERINA sings.*]

Tho' the lord of the forest do pine in the toil,
And fortune unfriendly to virtue do prove,
Yet sorrow forgets all its pain at the smile,
That beams from the visions of freedom and love.

Elgi. Quick!—decide at once.

O'Don. O ! generous fair, permit the Harper boy to share my flight, I'll follow thee.

Elgi. It cannot be ! Who is this favored youth, whose safety is so precious ? 'Tis plain Elgitha is but flattered for a time to gain that freedom which, when obtained, will be converted into Elgitha's shame. Your doom at once is sealed, and for that boy he shares your fate.

O'Don. Oh, Heaven !

Elgi. [*Crosses c.*] Give me that signet, boy. What kind of hand is this ? No vassal hath a hand so white—so smooth—thou would'st withdraw it.—Ha ! thy tale so moving, and thy tender lord—art thou a woman ?

Enter TORMAGNUS and SOLDIERS, D. F.

Tor. R. C. Seize the traitress !—[*They seize her.*]

Elgi. Ha ! betrayed !

Tor. Perfidious woman ! yes. Conduct her hence to instant death. So, my lord, this is your loyalty—your boasted love to Royal Brian's daughter—you are he, for whom Erina scorns the great Tormagnus.

Elgi. Erina ! oh revenge, I thank thee ; death will be to me most welcome, in the fall of him I loved, and her for whom he scorned me.—[*Breaks from guards.*] Guard, by your leave.—[*Goes to ERINA and tears off bandage.*]—Is not this she ?

Tor. Erina !

Elgi. Ha ! my prophetic thought was true. What ! Ireland's Princess so the slave of love she becomes a wandering Harper boy ? Fair lady, lay aside your male attire, and in my place near great Tormagnus shine : I am your lover's bride—death weds us—but sweet is my fate to yours, whose bridal day buries your love, and weds you to your bane.

[*Exit ELGITHA guarded, D. F.*]

Tor. Erina in my power !—Star of my fate, I thank thee ! Bear the Princess to my tent. O'Donohue, now is defeat revenged—now Brian, I defy thee !

Eri. I'll die rather !

[*ERINA and O'DONOHUE rush into each other's arms—they are torn asunder—she is borne out—the guards follow—O'DONOHUE tries to escape by door—the grating falls, and the Soldiers oppose their spears to him.*—[*TABLEUX.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—TORMAGNUS' tent—TORMAGNUS and UDISLAUS discovered watching ERINA, who reclines on a couch in a state of insensibility, R. H.

Tor. The cordials fail, 'tis death that holds her thus ; death, from whose grasp no human power can tear its victim.

Udis. My lord, she does but swoon ; see, my lord, the vital heat remains.

Tor. Beware, I charge you, attempt not to delude my soul with hopes you cannot realize—lest being deceived, you share their ruin ; now, by heaven, your chief would half his northern kingdom pay to save her life.

Alb. [*without, c.*] To arms ! To arms—the foe !

Enter ALBERT, c.

Tor. The foe!

Alb. A foe more deadly. Voltimar, with his band, assail the guard where the Irish chief is held. your presence only can retain the guard, and call them back to duty, and check the spreading mischief.

Tor. Fellow me. *[Exit TORMAGNUS, and Officers, c.]*

Enter VOLTIMAR, cautiously, L. H.

Vol. Fight on my gallant band—let your swords be proof, your aim be true, I'll act my part, fair lady, ah! not here—gracious heaven, what do I see, dead, no, no, life is not yet extinct; now Voltimar, quick bear off your lovely burthen while opportunity offers. *[Takes ERINA on his shoulder.]* Now, ye daring hands that robb'd the lion of its youngling, see if ye will dare to cross me. *[Exit VOLTIMAR, bearing ERINA, L. H.]*

Enter TORMAGNUS and Soldiers, c.

Tor. Drag him along—I'll shake his stubborn soul. I'll feast him with a banquet he expects not. *[O'DONOHUE is brought on in chains, c.]*

So, worthy sir, you have found friends. it seems. Instruct me by what promises or gifts you've brib'd the faith of my apostate chief, and rais'd rebellion in my camp?

O'Don. (L. c.) That question make to your own foul cause, 'twill answer you—'twill show that the cruel and abhorred tyrant himself, which rebellion points to his heart—'tis not the power of gold, not the seduction of the foreign foe that saves his throne. The undeserved wrong, the lust of cruelty—the insolent contempt of injustice, are the tyrant's foes, and in the heavy groans, which they extract from aching innocence, his awful knell is surely heard to sound.

Tor. (R.) Your lofty strain preserve, I'll give it a more copious theme. You know, perhaps; I've found a precious hostage, which, as I am a tyrant, like a tyrant, I may employ to please my will. You've called me loathed tyrant—be that tyrant's friend—upon the instant make an oath to him of lasting league, or, here before your eyes this precious hostage dies—I'm prepared, stay, or bid me do it—you will not answer; nay, then, your silence speaks. *[TORMAGNUS rushes to the couch, and raises the cloak.]* Furies—madness—she's gone! She has escaped!

Enter UDISLAUS in haste, c.

Udi. My lord, passing the outer sentinel, I found him stretched on the earth, pale and bleeding, we gathered from his scattered account, that Voltimar, with Great Brian's daughter, forced the guard whom he vainly strove to hold from flight.

Tor. The traitor—quick, pursue him, towards to Irish camp—away! tho' much I fear 'twill be in vain.

O'Don. Now, tyrant, strike to my heart, and welcome.

Tor. Then take thy doom.

[Takes up his battle axe to strike him down, but hesitates.]

O'Don. Why do you pause? O, look at tyranny in all the terrors of its lawless rage!—how poor it is!—while conscious truth and virtuous courage, from beneath its feet, can smite it.

Lead on ; yet, from those lips my dire revenge shall bring
 As anguish e'er can crowd them—death thou shalt have—
 shall be a death of lingering torture—bear him to his fate. With
 awful preparation feast his eyes ; and then, with horrid execution try him.

O'Don. Lead on ! Yet hear this doom I prophesy ; howe'er your
 cause may prosper, you shall live accurst. When conquest shall have
 sated you, you will shake off your wedded friends who cling unto your
 wavering fortunes : fear shall be your only guard, and you shall purchase
 from the hireling's hand each minute of your life ; on either side of you
 horror and hate shall be ; no face shall meet you with a smile, save he
 who in his bosom hides the blade from which your blood shall reek ; and
 at your fall no groan shall issue but your own ; but shouts for sighs—
 for streaming eyes, exulting looks—and slaves enfranchised, howling forth
 their joys, shall make the tyrant's dismal funeral.

[*Exit O'DONOHUE, guarded, followed by TORMAGNUS, c.*]

SCENE II.—*Hall of Shillelah.*

Rod. [*without*] To arms ! To arms ! [*Enter L. H.*] What ho ! old
 Terrence—where are you—Terrence—Terrence !

Enter TERRENCE, in armor, R. H.

Ter. Here, my boy !

Rod. What ! you in armor ?

Ter. Why, what surprises you, honey ?

Rod. Your gray hairs and such a dress as that.

Ter. Why, you young rascal, you'd never be able to fight without
 me.

Rod. No !

Ter. No, by St. Patrick, I'm the veteran of your army. No, not even
 King Brian is as old as I am ; therefore, my post shall be in front of ye
 all.

Rod. The front of us all !

Ter. Ay, the front of ye all. I was born to serve my country before
 any of you ; and, therefore, I have a right to die before any of you for
 her service. I have seen some fourscore years, Master Roderick, and
 you have seen some twenty years, and yet, when the battle begins, I
 think you would be hard put to it, to give two blows to my one ; how-
 ever, let every man perform his best, and 'twill do, Master Roderick.

Rod. But how comes it, Terrence, that you could not have been sober
 to-day, such a day as this ?

Ter. Sober, Roderick, you've not half a — I tell you, sir, that if we
 beat the Danes, it will be owing to the virtue of my libation.

Rod. The virtue of your libations ! Pretty doctrine, truly ; so, then,
 toying is a virtue—but prithee, how can drinking serve our country
 this day ?

Ter. Marry ! for the prayers it has drawn from me—my toasts, Rod-
 erick, are always my prayers ; and to-day I drank three toasts in three
 pint bottle bumpers.

Rod. What was the first ?

Ter. Brian ! our father and our king—success to his arm, for it is the guardian of his people.

Rod. A good toast, Terrence. Had I been with you, I would have drank it in two bottles ; well, what was the next ?

Ter. Success to old Terrence—and may the years of him who fights the battles of his country, give strength and not weakness to his arm.

Rod. An excellent toast, too !

Ter. Would you have drank that in two bottles ?

Rod. I would, Terrence.

Ter. Give me your hand, you're an honest fellow !

Rod. Well, Terrence, what was the third and last ?

Ter. 'Twas the land of sweet Erin, and victory for the people that strive for their country's liberty. Would you have drank that in two bottles ?

Rod. I would—I would, Terrence.

Ter. Then I said true, master Roderick—you ought to have been as drunk as I am.

Enter EMMA, L. H.

Em. O, Roderick ! shall we meet again ?

Rod. We shall—we shall, my girl.

Ter. Ah, mistress Emma, you little care about ould Terrence, that loves you as well, though you do nothing but huff him ! Well, well, I'll leave you to kiss and say good bye.

Em. I shall do no such thing, sir.

Ter. Indeed, but you will ; and so farewell to you—and should ould Terrence be left on the field of battle, you may find, perhaps, that he left a dowry for you, before he discharged his debt to his country. [*Exit, L.*]

Rod. Poor old Terrence !—The king is coming—what, you would not have me stay behind, would you ? [*Exeunt L.*]

SCENE III.—*Hall in BRIAN'S Castle—BRIAN, High Priest and Soldiers discovered—M'CARTY MOORE, &c.*

Bri. Now soldiers, are you ready for the fight ? 'Tis well—this noble valor foretells the downfall of the foe—M'Carty Moore, how seem our soldiers in the camp ?

M'Car. My liege, as men who only value life to their scorn of death. As soon as dusk began to fall, I called them to their ranks, and commanding silence, I ask'd them if they were prepared to meet the foe ? No word was spoke, but all upon the instant rais'd their spears aloft, and mov'd their shining swords. I own, my liege, I never saw defiance look so bold !

Bri. 'Tis well, give me the glorious banner of the Harp, dear symbol of my native land, I'll guard thy sacred strings that peerlessly can tune for peace or war. Who takes thee from my grasp, shall take my sceptre too ! Strike up St. Patrick, and let us march to liberty or death !

[*March, St. Patrick's Day—BRIAN takes the Banner, and leads off the Troops, R. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Rocky Pass.*

Eri. [*Without.*] Desist, Tormagnus! Tyrant, hold! Help! help!

Enter VOLTIMAR bearing ERINA, L. H.

Vol. Fear not, fair lady—I am your friend.

Eri. My friend!

Vol. Yes! I have conveyed you from Tormagnus' power, and now we pass the Danish lines!

Eri. Oh, generous stranger!

Vol. Lady, let us embrace the opportunity that offers itself. Haste, lady, haste, while flight is possible!

Eri. I leave him, then, to perish! Oh, Erina! is it thus you reward the brave O'Donohue? who, for thy sake, suffers inglorious bondage! [*Looks off.*] Ah! tell me—what distant flame is that, which burns so red!

Vol. 'Tis the dread flame of Odin, the dread fire-king!

Eri. Ah! I perceive—a sacrifice—and perhaps the brave O'Donohue's the victim! Oh, my poor father! come to thy Erina's aid! Save, oh save my love! Ha! see where they fasten on and bind him to the stake! Ha, O'Donohue, I come—I come to join you! [*Falls.*]

Enter UDISLAUS and ALBERT, L. H.

Udis. So, Voltimar, you've betrayed our prince! Yield your charge.

Vol. Never!

Udis. Seize on the lady, and bear her to the prince. You, Voltimar, must with me, and answer this.

Vol. Hold, Udislaus! is this the foe we came to fight? Look, Udislaus—'tis woman—helpless woman!

Udis. Seize on them!

Vol. Stand off, I say! In battle I have seen thee oft, but never saw thee strike a fallen foe! Behold this sword—once in the field it saved you—'tis bared for helpless innocence! Never shall it be sheathed until I have performed my task—or failing, fall a breathless corse!

[*UDISLAUS and ALBERT attack VOLTIMAR—they nearly overpower him, when BRIAN rushes in, R. H., to his rescue, and beats them off.*]

Bri. What means this strife—what art thou, stranger?

Vol. A Dane. I know thee by thy lofty mein.—Thou art great Brian—advance, and raise thy daughter to your arms.

Bri. [*Raises ERINA.*] My child—my child!

Eri. My father!

Bri. But the Prince!

Vol. Is condemned to death! 'Ere now they lead him to his fate.—Haste, great sir! Collect what force you can, and by winding round yon hills, we may unperceived fall on them. Fire the first few tents we meet: the wind blows from the East; the conflagration will be general! Haste, great sir, and I will lead you; time is precious—follow—follow me!

[*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE V.—*Danish Encampment, with a view of the old town of Dublin and Bay—Danish vessels at anchor—A procession of Death—O'DONOHUE conducted to execution, followed by TORMAGNUS, from U. E. R.*

Tor. Now, Ireland's champion, can thy stoic soul look upon death—and such a death as this—unmoved, unchanged? Say, wilt thou be wise, and shun the ignomy that awaits thee?

O'Don. Thou curs'd destroyer of my country's peace, by whose malignant, baleful influence our groaning country bleeds at every pore; glut, satiate thy hellish vengeance on me! I brave its power; firm and unbending as Hibernian oak, I dare thy utmost malice! The bolt may shiver and the lightning blast; but, like its trunk, undaunted and erect, though leafless, branchless, stript of all support, our ruin shall protect our ancient glory.

Tor. Give the slave the torture!

O'Don. My soul shall soar above thy dire revenge. Think ye the gaze of thousands, or the public execution, can appal the patriot soul! Stretch'd on this iron bed of pain and anguish, my parting soul shall wing its flight to heaven; whilst thou, assassin, on thy gilded couch, shall feel the scorpion stings that goad thy heart, and carry all thy future hell within thee!

Tor. Obey me, slaves!

Enter UDISLAUS, in haste, U. E. R.

Udi. Quick! prepare for battle, my lord, or foul defeat attends your arms!

Tor. Strike every hand!

They raise their axes to strike O'DONOHUE—when BRIAN and party rush in, U. E. R.—RODERICK releases O'DONOHUE—A general battle commences, and terminates in the total discomfiture of the Danes—and triumph of the Irish—the Danish fleet on fire in the distance!

THE END.

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